Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi

Dîvân-i Kebîr
Volume 18

translated by
Nevit O. Ergin

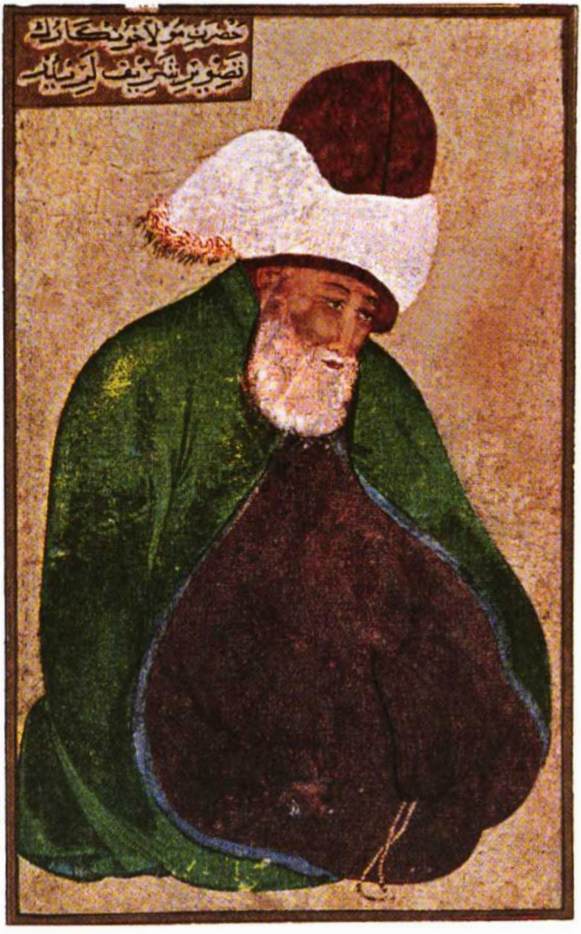
Dîvân-i Kebîr

Hezec Musseddes-i Mahzuf

Volume 18

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Dîvân-i Kebîr

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Introduction

Humanity is currently stepping on the two-thousand-year mark, bringing with it thousands of years of suffering. After all these years, humans long for peace, love and tolerance. Yet, wars and conflicts still continue in various parts all over the world.

While searching to solve the mysteries of space, human beings are unable to understand the secrets of peace and happiness. Man never learns his lessons of the past and because of this, he repeats the same mistakes.

Humanity needs to open a new chapter in this new millennium, no longer carrying its animosities, ugliness, and evils to the lives of our children and grandchildren.

For seven hundred years, Mevlana, a great Turkish thinker and Sultan of Heart, has been calling humanity constantly to love, friendship, and peace. He teaches us that the primary requisite for tolerance is to see people as human beings and not notice their race, religion or sect. The essence of Mevlana's philosophy is based on this kind of human love.

Reading Mevlana will help reawaken the feelings of love and tolerance within each of us. An aspiration for a world filled with peace, brotherhood, and friendship in our hearts will be more attainable with Mevlana's love.

M. Istemihan Talay
Minister of Culture
Republic of Turkey

Acknowledgments

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the Turkish Ministry of Culture
and Millicent Alexander
for their continuing support.

archegos

Translator's Note

I understand and appreciate the criticism that these translations are from Turkish, not Farsi, the original language of the Divan. I hope that the Divan will also come to English and other languages directly from Farsi.

There is something for everyone in Mevlana, and we need everyone's knowledge, experience and talent to carry this treasure to our turbulent times. Scholarly cirtics, literary challenges and down-to-earth interpretatons are all welcome.

We must simply remember Mevlana's saying:

> "I come to you without me.
> Come to me without you."

This volume, Volume 18, is the second of three volumes for Meter 15, probably the longest meter of the Divan.

I would like to honor the memory of Mrs. Terry Peart who spent so many years of her life helping me, reading my handwriting and typing the poems.

Nevit O. Ergin



Leather binding of *Dîvân-i Kebîr* (c.1368)
registered at the Mevlânâ Museum in Konya.

Dîvân-i Kebîr

Volume 18

Hezec Musseddes-i Mahzuf

Mefâilün Mefâilün Feülün

archegos

102.

Verse 1012


my friend, for love
There must be someone who is in sorrow.
The heart is full of grief and pale faces.

Without the suffering in the heart burning inside,
Your longing becomes very cold.

The world of love is a big world.
Yet, your eyes are too weak.

How does a poor one
Know the treasure of the sultan?
All a kurd wants is bazlama[1] and buttermilk.

If you don't have potency,
Stay away from the wedding bed.
All you share is the sound of the tambourine.

If you want to be someone,
Quit your work, be only one.

When you find something,
Don't try to show up
In every store like a spendthrift.

Because if you act like a brave
Without the heart of the brave,
They will only call you *the poor chap*.

Suddenly, if a brave stands in your way,
You would fight with your own blood.

You close your eyes,
Do your own devoutness; count your rosary,
Do Zikir[2] and read some vird.[3]

O cold, frozen man,
Don't act like a false sheik to dervishes.
Quit acting.

If you don't cheat in throwing dice
To Shemseddin of Tebriz,
You become the chess master.



103.

Verse 1024

What kind of work place or work bench
Do you have in that heart?
What idols are you carving?
What idols are you making in that heart?

Spring has come.
It is seed time.
Who knows what you are sowing in that heart?

You are covered with curtains of secrecy outside,
But you are wide open in the middle of that heart.

The person who searches
Gets his feet stuck in the mud,
But you scratch his head in that heart.

If heart is not bigger and greater than the skies,
You wouldn't ride the Moon in that heart.

If heart is not such a big city,
No sultan would fit and move
Around in that heart.

O my soul, heart is an amazing forest.
You are the master of hunting in that heart.

There are thousands of waves
That move in the sea of heart.
You harvest pearls in that heart.

I have kept silent,
Because even if you try to describe the qualities,
Your mind doesn't comprehend the heart.



104.

Verse 1033

We keep turning around the beloved today.
We turn with our head like a compass.

We do not turn around ourselves.
We turn around the house of the bar keeper.

Don't say anything to us.
We are crazy, insane.
We turn in the merciless fire.

We blow through fast, like a spring breeze,
Become peers with the meadow and rose garden.
We turn around there.

Why should we memorize everything like an ear?
Why should we keep turning in the granary
Like a rat?

The candy man put all the sugar on a tray.
We turn around the candy man's tray.

We would choose to be a servant
To the eye, like salve.
We would become a view for the eye.



105.

Verse 1040

Come. Join us. We are lovers.
Come. Become one of us
So we will open the door of love's garden.

Stay in our home like shadows.
We are the neighbor of the sun.

We are invisible in the world, like soul.
Our trace doesn't appear like the love of lovers.

But our signs are in you, in your essence.
Because we are secret and, at the same time,
Wide open in the middle, like soul.

Look over the top of anything.
We are above that.

You are water, but you are in the ditch.
Come. Join us.
We are a rapid torrent.

We gambled and lost all our belongings
In the land of absence.
For that reason, we don't know any ignorance
Other than saying poems and writing books.



106.

Verse 1047

Last night after everybody went to sleep,
We were awake, busy with work.

We were friends of sneaky eyes
And playing with deceitful hair.

We made our head like a foot.
We were turning around the point
Of beauty and drunkenness like a compass.

You are the son of yesterday.
What can I tell you?
I am the friend of the friend
Who has no beginning of the beginning.

We were at the store of the sultan
Who repairs broken ones like bowls
When their rims are broken.

Why shouldn't we become gold
Like the glass of the sultan?
We were at the treasure of secrets.

Why won't our palms become sea?
We were pouring sea into poverty.

Be silent.
Have both worlds come to words,
Because we were words before talking.



107.

Verse 1055

I am not such a lion that I fight with the enemy.
I should fight with myself. That's enough for me.

I have become dirt for love's feet, but know
That I will rise like a rose, like an iris
From that ground.

I wear dark dresses because of the sorrow of love,
But I will rise like a bright moon from that night.

Beause of that fire, I have turned into smoke.
But I will get out of this window like smoke.

I am such a child that my teacher is love.
He won't let me raise my head,
He won't let me stand up.

I should be alive all the time like love,
Cease to eat and sleep.

Come to your senses.
Be silent like Ebu-Bekr-i Rebolis.[4]
Be silent so that I will be a soul out of body.



108.

Verse 1062

I am such a slave that freed my master!
i am such a person that taught my teacher!

I wasborn recently to this world,
But I have rebuilt this old world.

I am such a candle
That I have turned iron into steel.

I have put salve on the eyes of so many blind ones,
i have made so many insane ones wise.

I am a dark cloud in the night of sorrow,
But such a cloud
That I have given joy to the heart of bairam's day.

I am such a dust
That I have blown with love's fire
And filled the sky.

Since this slave remembered him,
That sultan didn't sleep last night
Because of the excitement.

If I come forward openly,
If I act unreasonably,
Don't blame me; you made me drunk.



109.

Verse 1070

I freed the envious from grief.
I gave joy to the hearts
Of a herd of donkeys.

Secretly, I gave mercy to the cruel
And tyrannized myself.

When everybody starts to cry
Because of my patience,
I count such that I am crying.

My master is patience.
For that reason, I choose
Another way against my master.

I was made prosperous by destroying
The world which has never flourished.

In this rapidly flowing water,
Even the mountain becomes a piece of straw.
Yet, I did construction with a handful of mud.

My God, if I ever mention anyone besides you,
Have mercy on me.
Don't forget. Remember me.



110.

Verse 1077

I freed people from prison,
Cheered the heart of lovers.

I tore the mouth of the dragon.
Made love's way more prosperous.

I wove a world with water,
Then I filled the water with wind.

I made designs and paintings on the water
That I didn't make on boxwood and ebony.

That painting is tearing its soul's dresses
Because I promised to show its essence.

I heard of Josephs from Jacobs
So I pulled them out of the well.

I was against Ferhad but I grabbed
The hair of Shirin, like Husrev.[5]

What a beautiful garden,
The one in which I sit and run around.
What a beautiful city is the one I build.

All the world knows I reigned justly.
As long as I was sultan of that city,
I ruled with tolerance.

All the world knows
That I am beyond directions.
My humiliation to mind is to bring witness.

I have defeated so many masters,
Made so many maid-servants masters.

Be silent.
That guidance is enough
For the one who was borne by love.

But the one who is carried
By the torrent of disaster
In spite of my yelling
Is submerged in water and gone.

Providing for my pulling him out
From the bottom of that flood,
Just like I had created something from nothing.

Shams of Tebriz came to existence with a sword.
I adjusted my tongue with that sword.



111.

Verse 1092

I want a musician now
So he can't differentiate
The high notes from the low.

I also want a friend who feels for me,
Who is so much out of himself
That he can't differentiate joy from sorrow.

Drunkenness covers all his existence.
He will change from being a son of Adam.

The Muslim is enlightened by him.
Yet, he will strip out of existence.

If he comes with nine people,
You count them as ten.
Your nine is ten.
Assume that one village is missing.

O my God, send us a drunken beauty.
We have filled our stomach with wine.

We would go out by beating our drums.
We made a decision to meet the cupbearer.

Beat the drum. Even if it is not bairam
It is still bairam,
Because God knows better, but the world
Has been filled with bairams.

I want to say utterly confused words today.
What else is an utterly confused person
Supposed to say,

Unless that cupbearer would close my mouth
With the glass he served me, panting?

Who is the one I am talking about?
Shams of Tebriz,
Because the sun is the soul of the universe.



112.

Verse 1103

Human's soul is so drunk from that breath
That he has not been able
To recognize his own soul since that moment.

The roughness of the sea
Is from His exuberance.
Drunkenness in the world is from His drunkenness.

What a glass is this glass,
That it cut the neck of death
So the world would never mourn!

God's wine is definitely helal. [6]
The wine that comes from God's jar
Cannot be haram. [7]

If the firmament were to drink this wine
When he was young,
He wouldn't have this hunch on his back
When he got old.

If earth were to drink this wine,
It wouldn't care
If rain came from the wet clouds or not.

If there was a little confidence in the word,
The confidant heart would tell this.

If you have a strong foot,
It will get you out of the mud.

But, since this love has come to you,
It would save you
From all slipping and stumbling.

O Shams of Tebriz, you tell the rest of it.
God knows better, but this business is for you.



113.

Verse 1113

Come. Today we are the guest of the master.
Come so we would die
In the presence of our master.

A world would be born from our death,
Because we are not an ordinary sacrifice.

We hunt the archangel Gabriel with a bird.
We catch a world with one soul.

We give a jar. We take a sea.
Why should we run away from such profit?

That firmament who wears sky dresses
Is our servant and slave.
Why should we be the prisoner
Of our own servant?

Since we are lions, we will drink lion's milk,
Why should we be looking for cheese
Like a raven?

Be silent.
There is no need to boast.
Show up.
We are the star Mercury,
But there is no use going in front of the arrow.



114.

Verse 1120

Your soul is so close to my soul;
I know whatever you think.

I even have better proof than this.
Come closer so I can show it.

Come to the front of poverty.
Don't cheat.
Don't say, "I am in the front."

We are like a pole in the middle of your house.
We bend our head like a gutter from your roof.

I am your twin brother at Hasir[8]
As well as at nesir. [9]
I am not hosting you like earthly brothers.

I turn around Your assembly
Like a glass of wine.
I walk in front of your war
Like a spear.

Even if I keep flashing off and on, like lightning,
I am mute like your beautiful lightning.

I am drunk all the time.
It makes no difference
If I take life or give life.

I gain even if I give life to you,
Because you give hundreds of universes
To one life.

There are thousands of deaths buried in this house.
You sit on top of them,
Saying, "These are all my belongings."

A handful of dirt says,
"I used to be hair."
Another, "I used to be bone."

You become confused,
And suddenly
Love comes and says,
"Come close to me. I am immortal.

Press your chest to our silver chest.
Embrace me so I will save you from yourself."

O Husrev, be silent.
Don't talk too much about Shirin.
My mouth is burning because of taste and pleasure.



115.

Verse 1131

Either I am drunk or befuddled.
Don't leave me.
I won't stay away from your presence.

Even if I am in the grave,
When I call you,
My face shines from soul's kible.

Otherwise, how could I wait
Until the time of Sur[10] at the bottom of the grave?

When I become ill,
You are hundreds of helpful medicines
And handfuls of remedies.

If I am bitter-tasting like the sea,
I become sweet because of your pearl.

If sorrow covers the whole world like night,
You break, O my morning.
Come, so I will find relief.

You are the morning.
I am a star shining at morning.
No wonder that I become famous.

I am the vanguard of your light.
That's why ones who search morning
Will find joy with me.

The reason you are keeping me befuddled
And relieve my drunkness with wine
Is that I would hide myself and rest.
It is not because of your stinginess.

You are hiding me like a fish
From your scorpion.

When I am submerged in honey like a bee,
O my Moon-faced one,
Why should I worry about a scorpion?

I keep silent, but love
Wants me to be a tambour[11] with its plectrums.



116.

Verse 1146

Come on, let's appreciate each other,
Because suddenly,
We will be separated from each other.

Since the believer is the mirror
To the source of belief, since this is it,
Why do we turn our faces from the mirror?

Great ones sacrifice their lives
To their friends.
Don't be a dog. We are human.

Why don't we pray
Kul eûzü, kul huvallah[12]
In order to love each other.

Grudges darken friendship.
Why don't we pull out
And erase grudges from our heart?

Time by time, your heart felt comfort
Because I will die.
Why do we worship death?
Why do we become the enemy
Of each other's soul?

I know you will be reconciled
And make peace with me after my death.
But we have been tried by your sorrow
All life long.

Consider I am dead now
And be on good terms with me.
In fact, we resemble the dead
When we surrender.

If you want to kiss my grave,
We are still the same.
Come and kiss my face.

Be silent like the dead, O heart.
That tongue is what gets you into trouble
With existence.



117.

Verse 1155

We are like dust in front of Your wind.
How can we not go to places where you run?
You carry us on.

We are warm and green because of Your spring,
Cold and withered because of Your autumn.

We surrender with the reflection
Of Your kindness.
With Your anger, we start struggling.

If You send Absence, we all are annihilated.
If You increase favor, we become men.

If You take away Absence
As well as Your favor,
We destroy both the apparent and secret world.

When we see beauties of beyond, the world,
We break these two worlds to pieces.

We are soul, universe to the eyes of lovers,
But death and troubles to the eyes of bad ones.

July and winter left us, O friends.
We are neither hot nor cold.

Winter and summer are all bodily attributes.
Yet, we are not body at this time.
We are only soul.

You showed us Your own love's backgammon.
Swear for the dice of love that we are the experts.

Since You said, "It is enough,"
We are even the rose and nightingale
Of the rose garden.
We keep silent.



118.

Verse 1156

You are asking me, "How am I?
Look and see, how am I?
I have passed out of myself
And become insanely drunk.

He trapped me with *Kaf* and *Nun*.[13]
With that majesty I am bent like *Kaf* and *Nun*.

Someone who was born from a fairy
Has made me insane, O Muslims.
Whoever knows takes the spell out of me.

A fairy has a purple-colored face.
I cry because I am the organ for that juda tree.

Have I become a house for that Moon-like sky,
That I don't have permanency, just like the sky?

I said it wrong.
I have love's disposition.
I am beyond the whirling
As well as the standing still.

My body has hundreds of colors inside my mantle.
I am the specter of wind, the color of water.

O brother, is there a place for wind and water?
I have abilities like Akli kül. [14]

But when a *fragment*
Comes to the rose garden *whole,*
Whole surges from the wave of my blood.

How does that *part* know the way to *whole,*
Unless *whole* has become a guide to me?

O whole love, pull your part to you,
Because I have been exhausted by struggles here.

Such a load I carry from your separation.
I am like a pole to this world.

In appearance I am less than half a particle,
But in respect of love I am wider
Than the world, bigger than the universe.

I am such a drop
That that drop, at the same time, is an ocean.
I am in trials and tests
With all these forms and shapes.

I don't tell this.
These are the words from love.
I am ignorant in these fine words.

This story is thousands of years old.
How do I know?
I am yesterday's child!

But I am such a boy that I belong to the One
Who has no beginning to his beginning.
This boy has been with Him
For hundreds of thousands of years.

I am telling these words in reverse.
Meaning is contrary.
In the reverse world I am also reverse.

You listen to my words when my sad soul
Would free himself from this turbulence.

Words that come from the mud
Resemble the roads at the wood of oak trees.
How can I show myself in one color?
I am on these twisted roads.

No, I said it wrong.
I have the color of the sun,
But the cloud of this ordinary world covers me.

Be silent.
Don't raise the dust of men.
I am hidden here like a fairy.



119.

Verse 1188

How can I break my fasting at sunset
If I don't chew a piece of the beloved's sugar cane?

I don't know where this sugar cane grows.
I have tasted it. I don't know where I am.

Most amazing is that His appetizers
Have taken my mind away.
Without mind how can I praise Him?

Who can fast this fasting like me?
Every moment I receive a bairam from Him.

I have a morning wine
From His morning-like face.
Why should I stand for evening namaz?

Since I smiled like a rose
At the garden of His beauty,
I should break into light with His sun.

My tongue has been tied by His wine.
My hands and feet have been broken
With His deceit.



120.

Verse 1195

I saw him in the dream last night.
I am drunk today.
I have jumped out of mind's boundary.

Or, did I see the dream while I was awake?
Because I can't fall insleep
As long as I have this trouble.

Or, did I see real love in sleep,
Since I kept worshipping on him.

Come, O love. You are soul for the body.
I am free from the dungeon of the body
Because of you.

You told me to lift the curtain. I did.
You told me to break the glass. I did.

You told me to leave all friends. I left them.
I only feel in love with you.

You hurt my heart.
My only sin was to pick your image
With my eyelashes.

Take my sould with you. I am tired fo it.
I would clap my hands.

What universes are buried
In every piece of your hair?

I am great as long as I am with you,
But I am nobody
Even if I am seven layers of the sky.



121.

Verse 1205

Come, so we can start to be lovers again.
We will change this muddy world into gold.

Come, so we can become the spring of love,
Be made cheerful by the wind
That carries the smell of ambergris.

We would adorn the land of soul's garden,
Meadow, mountain and plains
By dressing them with green dresses.

We would learn how to open
The store of favor inside of us
From a newly grown tree.

The tree has found the leaves and fruits
Through secret nourishment.
We also grow leaves and fruit from our secret.

They found roads to the beloved
Through their heart.
We also found roads to the beloved through heart.

If we hold that kafir hair,[15]
We will learn of the Moslem.

Your sorrow has a heart like marble,
But we will make hundreds of pearls
Out of that marble.

When seventy springs sprang from that stone,
We would grab glasses and jars.

His least important fountain is the bright eye.
We would obtain hundreds of lights from that.



122.

Verse 1215

Is it fair
To only understand each other from outside,
Nothing from inside
Even if we are the son of sultan?

How long will we be gathering fodder
Like house birds?
If we are the birds of ocean,
What has happened to the sea?
Why are we here?

O house bird, go away.
How will you be able to know the bird of the sea?

Don't blame lovers
Because they have fallen in love.
If we are like this or that,
It is not your business.

Either we are like this or like that.
Whatever we are, we are captives
In the trap of a pitiless love.

Why are you threatening with your ignorance?
We are the ones who make the sky turn like that.

No wonder that they are wary
And try to bite us,
Because we saw the fire.
We are cooked like a loaf of bread.

If they cut us into pieces like wolves,
What can we do?
We are under the control of that shepherd.

Everybody talks about us like the firmament.
We are also innocent like the firmament.
We don't talk just like the firmament.

We are like a piece of straw, but friend to amber.
We are not the straw which is jailed in the barn.

Wind can't blow our straw.
We are in mercy because of that amber.

You are caught by the wind of lust.
Yet, we are the amber of mind and soul.

Be silent.
What is a piece of straw, mountain or amber?
Do you know what is beyond comprehension?
That's what we are.



123.

Verse 1228

Your soul is so close to mine
That I know whatever goes through your mind.

Friends know each other's heart.
If not, they are not friends.

Friends resemble clear, pure water to the friend.
I could point out friends in there.

Everybody looks like a mirror.
They can show my profits and losses.

But that mirror is steamed on each breath
Because it doesn't have the polish of my soul.

If you throw the dirt and dust of all the world
To the heart of the wise,
It doesn't become dirty, doesn't lose its polish.

Don't turn your face from this mirror.
It keeps saying, "I am mercy to your soul."

I am a mirror to soul,
Also to my words.
Soul finds and understands itself in my words.

Be silent so I will tell
Thousands of life stories to him with my eyes.



124.

Verse 1237

Come, let's talke through souls,
Without eyes or ears.

Let's smile without lips like a rose garden,
Communicate without tongue-like thoughts.

Let's tell the secrets of the world until the end
With out mouths closed like Akl-i evvel. [16]

Let's talk outside of the tent
Where people read lips, know the word.

No one talks to himself aloud.
If we are all one,
That's the way we should talk.

How can you order your hand to "touch?"
Since our hands are one.
Let's talk about that hand.

Hand and foot reflect the movement of the heart.
Our tongue talks in silence,
Our heart with vibration.

The heart knows destiny in detail.
If you want to know,
I will give examples.



125.

Verse 1245

Let's, a few of us at least, get along with each other.
If joy ends, we'll be reconciled with sorrow.

Come and be a confidant of God.
Understand Mary like Jesus.

If there is nobody left from the son of Adam,
That's no concern to us.
We would get along with Adam.

If Adam also runs away and goes farther from us,
I swear by your soul, we will do fine without him.

We have a soul full of joy.
If the world is destroyed, we will form a new one.

If the sea turns into fire, we will drink it.
If we are wounded, we will make a salve
And cure ourselves.

We will die in front of Kaaba of Your face,
Then live together with that well,
Mixed with Zemzem[17] until the day of judgment.



126.

Verse 1252

O apple of my eyes,
Don't turn your face from mine.
Look at me so that I canbe nourished by your face.

Eye's jar is filled with water.
O stone-hearted one,
Don't throw stones, don't break my jar.

You are searching. So am I, but I search harder.
Who knows what we are looking for?

All I know is that
Because of the smell of your rose,
I wash my caftan with blood, like a rose.

I mint coins. Your love is like a scale.
For that reason I call you,
"O one who talks with silence."

The problem is that I loo for you here and there,
Yet you are neither here nor there.

You can't be fit into any place,
Yet I pursue you from town to town.



127.

Verse 1258

I wasn't as insane as I am now.
I wasn't out of my mind like this before.

I used to be prudent and wise once,
Not crazy and insane like I am now.

I used to hunt like beauties.
I wasn't into blood like heart before.

I used to keep inquiring,
"What is this? What is that?"
I wasn't the admirer of that Absolute Being.

Since your mind is in your head,
Sit down and think.
It seems like I was like that before.
I didn't just become like that.

I used to try to be better than everybody
Because I hadn't fallen in a love
Which increases day by day.

I used to smoke in anger.
But, in fact, I used to spread over the desert.

In the end I was raised from the ground
Like treasure,
Because I was treasure, not Kaarun.[18]

128.

Verse 1266

If you are not new to love,
Don't run away from friends
Because they have ill-reputed names.

You are such a bird that needs fodder,
But there is no such grain in the world
Which is not bait.

Hanging around with swindlers
Is not dishonorable.
Honorable and *dishonorable*
Are all the same for lovers.

There is a lot of whim in this love.
Don't show coyness.
Instead, relax and tolerate.

O friend, endure the fire.
Days will pass, fire will become water.

Show me the way to the tavern. I am drunk.
I sold the whole world for one glass.

O brother, where is the house of swindlers?
If the door is closed, I will drop from the roof.

I will die in front of the cupbearer.
What a wonderful death it is!
What a nice gain!



129.

Verse 1274

I come to the door sometimes.
At other times I climb to the roof.
When I see your face,
I feel ease and peace.

When I am not with you,
I will become Defenseless,
To important as well as unimportant people.
Come back so I can give up all of them.

My heart tears his shirt, his collar.
By his sorrow saying,
"When will I hold the skirt of that known beauty."

I have no joy, no pleasure without him.
I will have joy and pleasure when he comes back.

When my cupbearer comes with hair all scattered,
I will hold his hair in one hand
And carry the glass with my other hand.

If he comes wearing the mantle of devoutness,
I will become hadji.[19]
I will depart for Damascus.

If he wants me to be insane,
I become raw and immature,
Company for an ignorant one.

If he flies like a bird in the heart,
I become the bird catcher, pick up a trap.

If I say to him, "I can't sleep at night,"
He answers, "I sleep quickly after evening namaz.[20]

If I say, "Help, be kind to me."
He says, "Am I not a cenk[21] player?
Naturally I cuss and swear."

I will leave my will and fancy
And follow the hard-headed beloved
Who follows his will.



130.

Verse 1285

You ask how I am.
How do I know?
You ask where I am and from whom I came.
How do I know?

You ask what I drank from that big glass
To become so drunk.
How do I know?

You ask what is on those lips
That you talk so sweetly.
How do I know?

You ask, "In your life what did you see
That's better than youth and living?"
How do I know?

I saw a fire like a fountain of life on his face,
But what was it?
How do I know?

I have been admiring his face so many years,
I asked, "Are you body or soul?"
How do I know?[22]

If I am you, then who are you?
Are you this or that?
How do I know?

Who am I to think like that?
Are you merciful and tender-hearted?
How do I know?

You are telling me I have dropped out,
Have sat along the way.
Are you the one who watches the road?
How do I know?

Sometimes you make me a bow,
Sometimes an arrow.
Are you the bow or the arrow?
How do I know?

What a happy moment is this that,
"I offer you soul," you say.
I say, "You know better."
How do I know?

Restlessly, I ask, "O Shems of Tebriz,
Are you like this or that?"
How do I know?



131.

Verse 1297

I am the troublemaker,
I am the son of thousands of troubles.
Look at me.
I even run to help trouble.

Don't try to run away from me.
You have already fallen.
But, you say, "Thank God I am fallen."

Love is an amazing thing.
I am even more than that.
Yet, you say you created love.

Come, if I am as you say I am, shed my blood.
But, I have neither been born nor died.

I won't tell your secret.
That would be just telling a tale.
Instead, I will untie a knot without saying a word.



132.

Verse 1302

You are the only one I have chosen
From this world.
How could you allow me to stay
In such sadness and sorrow?

My heart is like a pencil in your hand,
Between your fingers.
My cheer and grief are all from you.

How could I be anything,
But what you desire?
How can I see anything,
But what you have shown me?

Sometimes you grow thorns from me,
At other times, roses.
Sometimes I smell roses.
Sometimes I harvest thorns.

I am whatever you make me.
Since you want me like this,
I am like this.

You give such color to my heart from that jar!
After that, who am I?
What's my love, my hate?

You were at the beginning.
You will be at the end.
You bless my end from my beginning.

When you hide,
I am a sinner.
Once you appear,
I am faithful.

What else do I have after what you gave me?
What are you searching for in my hand,
In my pocket?



133.

Verse 1311

Come. Come so I become
Crazy and insane with your love.
I was a prosperous town,
Then broken down and ruined.

I left my house, my possessions
And belongings for your love.
I am in the same place.
With the pain of your love now.

I used to be so lazy and wretched.
Once I saw your face, I became brave and agile.

When I found your soul is known to my soul,
I became a stranger to friend and acquaintances.

I used to read the fables of lovers day and night.
Now, I've become a fable with your love.



134.

Verse 1316

I come slowly like water under the straw
And snatch the mountain like a piece of straw.

I drip from the gutter, drop by drop,
But I pick up and carry
Hundreds of palaces like a flood.

I was food and fodder to trouble before,
But I have become trouble to troubles now.

If you know where I am,
Don't come like you.
Free your heart from the jail of space.

I appear to you upside-down on this water,
But you don't know where the top of my sapling is.

It is not treacherous,
But it resembles that somewhat.
I neither criticize anyone, nor do I praise.

This is from the breath of love,
And love is also from a secret grace.
Yet, I fell in with the daily humdrum
Because of my impudence.

Even if a mountain calls,
Don't say, "O mountain, you say I came by,"
When you didn't.

Talk to the one who talks to you.
What a talker I am that my talks
Have no beginning and no end.



135.

Verse 1325

Come. We are prey to the sultan today.
We neither take care of ourselves,
Nor do we care for the world.

Come, we would also raise dust
From the sea like Moses, son of Imran.

We were on the floor all night like a staff.
Morning came. We all become snakes.
We have no constancy.

We have made tavaf[23] around our heart.
We should remove Yed-i Beyza[24] from our pocket.

Thanks for the power,
Which changed a staff to a snake.
Every night we turn into a staff.
Every morning we are snakes.

We are dragons for the unruly pharaoh.
For Moses, we are a useful staff.

We shed the blood of Nimrod.[25]
Don't pay attention to our size,
Small, like a mosquito.

We are in the hand of that lion and keep crying,
But we are above the lions, above the elephants.

We have been created crooked like a camel,
But we are on the journey to Kaaba like a camel.

We haven't depended on glory
For the fun and joy of a few days.
We gave our heart for immortal glory,
And we reached our wishes that way.

We are close to each other like the moon and sun,
At the same time, far.
We are hidden like love and heart,
At the same time, wide open.

I am in the leather bag filled with blood
For the dogs of bloodthirsty, cruel love.

I keep silent like a fish at the time of silence;
At the time of talk, I am a spotless Moon.



136.

Verse 1339

I don't know how I became annihilated
From that wine.
I don't know where I am
Because of placeless beauty.

Once I was at the bottom of the sea.
Once I would rise like the sun.

Sometimes earth becomes pregnant by me.
Sometimes, I am born and appear like earth.

While soul was eating candy like an ostrich,
Suddenly, I became drunk and bit the parrot.

I arrived somewhere
That cannot be contained by universes.
I am only suited for that Beloved then.

I am the craziness of that drunk rind [26]
And confused, lost in the middle of all rinds.

"Why don't you come to yourself?" you ask me.
Show me my self that I should come to.

The shadow of the Huma[27] caresses me so much.
You'd think I am the Huma, and it is a shadow.

I saw love. It was drunk, saying,
"I am trouble, I am trouble, trouble."

The answer came from everywhere, wholeheartedly,
"I am yours. I am yours, yours."

You are the light, calling Moses.
"I am God, I am God, God."

O Shems of Tebriz, I asked,
"Who are you?
He told me, "I am you. I am you, you."



137.

Verse 1350

It comes to me
That I am out of this world today.
It comes to me that today,
I am hidden from myself.

I grabbed the knife and cut my existence.
Now, I don't belong to me or anyone.

I said it wrong.
I wasn't cut by myself.
My soul did this for me.

How is the fire of the heart?
I don't know
Because my tongue burns a different way.

I have seen myself in hundreds of different forms.
Once I see one, I say, "Yes, this is me."

I said, "I have seen myself
In hundreds of forms."
Maybe I am not a form.
I don't have a trace or any sign,

Because the forms
That come to heart resemble guests,
They come and go.
I am the house where they come and go.



138.

Verse 1357

O my Beloved, I have been lost,
Absorbed in You.
I am not seen anymore.
I saw You, strangely, in my dream.

I have bitter orange in my hand
Like the women of Egypt.
I lost myself in the love of Joseph
And started cutting my hand.

Where is that moon?
Where are the eyes of last night?
Where are the ears
That listened to those words?

You are not in sight, nor am I.
Neither is that moment there,
Nor the teeth that bites the lips.

I filled a barn with love.
I carried love from that harvest.

You are comfort and peace
To the heart of lovers.
You are Zu'n-Nun, Cuneyd and Beyazed[28] for me.



139.

Verse 1363

O beauty who takes my peace and decision,
Come to my arms as a bouquet of sugar cane.

Put your stone heart over mine.
Don't you see I am stoned by sorrows?

Come close. Look at my face.
See all the signs and traces from love.

If I let smoke go out
From the fire of my heart,
I would burn the curtains of seven levels of sky.

If autumn burns the garden,
My spring brings a smile to earth.

Earth, O spring says, "Return again.
There are hundreds of brands in my heart
Because of the cruelty of fall."

Cupbearer, return that fall's glass,
Because I am drunk with the love of spring.

Give me that thing that is secret like soul.
For your soul's sake,
Don't keep me waiting more than that.



140.

Verse 1371

I want him.
I don't want any other friend.
Since I have found the rose,
I don't want thorns.

If you have any other friend, go there.
I don't want any other friend.

I don't look for any other fortune besides his face.
I don't want any business but his business.

I choose to land on the arm of the king
Like a falcon.
I don't want the smell of a carcass
Like the vulture.

There is nothing but soul between the pages of
soul.
All I want from my beloved is just to appease soul.

He takes the *id* and *bid* from me
And gives me a rose.
I don't want a better trading day than this.

I am not in pieces and bits, but the whole.
I don't want anybody but him.



141.

Verse 1378

You called me through the door,
But you ran away from the roof.
What is this game? What is this game?
What a trap!

How many other games
Have you designed besides that?
I am so gullible.

You have so many crooked designs,
So many promises and reproaches.
If you want, you could subjugate
Stone and iron to yourself.

O my Moon-faced one, how are you
With all these trials and troubles we give you?
How do you handle the torment
And turbulence every day?

Why do I ask this?
How can you not be happy?
You drink glass after glass
Full of wine at the assembly.

You swore at me yesterday.
I am so drunk
From the sweetness of that swearing.



142.

Verse 1384

I say, I should show some talent,
Do something so that this Moon face
Will put his face to mine.

"Something came to my mind,"
I said, "Come close to me.
I'll whisper in your ear."

"O my dear soul, I saw a dream last night.
I want you to interpret that dream."

"O my sultan, who made a habit
To conceal everything,
I don't have anybody for a confidant
To listen to this dream, but you."

When he listened to my words,
He shook his head and smiled.
With this nod, the charmer who knows me
From hair to hair said,

"You were trying to deceive me.
I am the mirror of every color, every smell.
I know everything."

I resemble a small toy in his hand.
I am like an embroidery
Made from his needle.

The design that he makes can't be lifeless.
I am his least important design.
I am in the humdrum of everyday life.



143.

Verse 1392

I want the wine of the grape residue.
I want a drunk, fuddled friend.

A smell came to me from Hallac. [29]
I want the wine of Mansur from the cupbearer.

I want to hear the shrill pipe
From the musician.
I asked for the melody of the tanbur [30] from Venus.

Since my beloved has settled down at the tavern,
Why should I ask for a prosperous place?

O cupbearer, come close to me.
I want to distance myself from me today.

If I ask him to excuse me,
He says "Yes, I want to excuse you."

Show a way to my eye.
I will get inside of your eye.
I want to hide from others' eyes.

Uncover Your face just one moment.
I want to see paradise on earth.
I want to see houris. [31]

If they see someone else, at that moment
I want my eyes and my heart to become blind

I close my eyes to the sunshine,
Because I want to see your bright face.

You are the doctor for heart's patients.
It is well worth it to get sick for that reason.

Since You are the One who gives life to the dead,
It is well worth for me to go to the grave.



144.

Verse 1404

Come, for I am tired of others.
If I fell asleep, I'll wake up now.

Come, O my life, I have stayed
At the tavernkeeper's house
Until the day of resurrection.

I scattered roses from my hands, my wings.
I kept flying over my own Kafdag.

I saw bitterness in all the world
Because of my fear.
I turned into a pickle in the pekmez.[32]

Make akide[33] this kind of sweet.
I became the sugar from this agda.[34]

I have been tired of strangers for some time.
Now I am tired of myself.

I used to take others as examples to me.
Now I have become an example to others.

Come and see one who is looking,
Searching for other's secrets.
Look at me.
I have turned into secrets.

Cover my head with him
Because I kept turning
Around the robe and turban.

I turn around the point, like a compass.
That's why I became a prisoner of the point.



145.

Verse 1414

Don't give any grief to that beloved, my God.
Don't bend the neck of that cypress down.

As you know, he is the life of our garden.
Don't leave our garden without the cypress of soul.

Keep him young and healthy.
Scatter kindness and favors in every breath.

For the sake of the greatest names,
For their honors,
Make his body healthy for earth as well as faith.

We would be eternal like heaven,
Because he is the secret paradise of heaven.

Save him from external
As well as internal troubles.

The world is cheerful and happy
And thankful because of him.
Jesus gives thanks because of Mary.

Accept the prayers
Which don't come
To lips and mouth,
But spreads to small corners of the soul.

Accept the prayers we make for him.
You know better.
God knows best.



146.

Verse 1423

I swear on the souls of all drunks
That I am drunk.
O deceitful beauty, hold my hand.

I swear I have become soul for the one
Who plays with their souls.
I swear on the soul of the ones
Who are saved by Him.
I am saved.

I used to be fond of books like Mercury.
I used to sit at the head of literary men.

I broke my pencil when I saw the writing
On the forehead of the cupbearer.

I turn my face to my beloved
As my kible for my worship
And cleanse myself
With the tears of his jealousy for my ablution.

I become so drunk with the beauty
Of such a Joseph!
His beauty says with every breath,
"Am I not your God?"

I was trying to peel the bitter orange
During my drunkenness.
Here is the orange.
I cut my hands.

I should lose my head if it is not with you.
Burn my essence if I exist without you.



147.

Verse 1431

I am such a moon
That I am in the land of Absence.
Don't look for me outside.
I am at the soul of Soul.

Everybody calls me to their side.
Yet, I call you nowhere
But from you, from your side.

Whatever you call me,
Either good or bad, I know it.

Sometimes you tell me
That you don't follow my desire.
You are unfaithful.
Of course, as long as you are like that,
I am like that too.

I am nobody to the eyes of the blind,
Mute to the ears of the deaf.

Why keep spraying rose water
On the top of the eye?
Clean your eye with dust and dirt.
I am wide open right here.

Your clothes are made of the dirt,
So are the things you eat and drink.
Since you eat dirt,
You don't deserve to be my guest.

That rose is nothing but earth.
Once the temporary beauty fades,
Watch the real beauty appear.

O my beloved, I am the garden of gardens,
The water of waters.
I have become a redbud tree
Of the thousands of redbud trees.

You picked the words and gave them meaning.
Become the sea
And I will jump into it. I will sail the boat.



148.

Verse 1441

Last night I was awake. So were you.
Everybody else was asleep.
We were busy at work.

We were watching those tell-tale eyes
At the temple of heart-catching hairs.

Come close. I'll tell you more clearly.
We became involved in secret love.

Although he doesn't fit on space,
We were at the presence of the master,
Who heals broken ones.

It is not a surprise that they didn't see us.
We were at the cellar of the secrets.

We brought pearls as a gift.
I mean, we dived into the sea.



149.

Verse 1447

I traveled from town to town,
But I haven't seen a city like the city of love.

At the beginning, I didn't appreciate
The value of that city,
And because of my ignorance
I suffered very much in exile.

I left the land of sugar cane
And kept eating grasses
In the pasture like animals.

Why did I prefer leeks and onions
To manna or quail
Like the people of Moses?

Anything I hear in this world
Besides the sound of love
Is nothing but the noise of drums.

Because of that noisy drum,
I dropped from the universe of wholeness
To the world of the temporary.

I was a pure soul,
Just a soul among souls.
I was flying like a heart
Without wings and feet.

I was tasting from that wine
Which gives grace and smiles
To people without lips and throats,
Just like a rose.

A voice came from love.
"O soul," he said, "Get going.
I created a world of troubles.
Go there."

I begged and kept saying,
"I don't want to go there."
I cried and tore my shirt.

I was scared to go there.
Also, I was afraid of not wanting
To come back from there.

"Go, O soul," he said. "Wherever you are.
I am closer to you
Than your own carotid artery."[35]

I was persuaded
With all kinds of his charm and trickery.

He could move worlds with that charm.
I was nothing, not even seen by eyes.

I was kicked out of there
And led down this road.
I may have been saved
If I had stayed there.

I would tell you how to go there again.
But, when I came here to tell,
He broke my pencil.



150.

Verse 1463

I travel through every city,
But I can't see anyone
Who is more charming and beautiful than you are.

I had been separated from you
Because of my bad fortune,
But I have reached this glory once more.

Since I have been away from your face
Which resembles a beautiful garden,
I have neither seen a rose nor tasted a fruit.

Am I the one who has seen your face?
I wonder, did I hear your voice?

I am saved from separation,
Have come from exile
And suffered so much from every unfortunate one.

What can I say?
I was dead without you.
God brought me back to life.

Let me kiss your hands and feet.
Give me a bairam gift,
Because today is my bairam day.

O Egypt's Joseph,
I bought a clear mirror for you, as a gift.



151.

Verse 1471

I am so drunk at this moment
That I cannot differentiate Eve from Adam.

Even the sea has become rough
Because of my exuberance.
The world has become drunk from my drunkenness.

What a wine this is that made the executioner
Cut the neck of mourning so that the world
Would never see a day of mourning!

That is helal [36] inside of helal;
The wine inside of God's jar cannot be haram. [37]

If the old firmament were to drink this strong wine,
His back would not be bent.

If earth were to drink this wine,
It would give up the clouds
And the rain that comes from the clouds.

If there were a little secret in the universe,
My crazy heart would explain it.

If you had a strong leg,
It would pull you out of the mud.



152.

Verse 1479

If I didn't hide your love in my heart,
If I didn't make your love a soul to myself,
I would be unfaithful for your infidel hairs.

Since you say, "Are you ashamed of my love?"
I won't hide the sorrow of your love anymore.

You remember saying, "Don't mind me.
I have no mercy, I shed blood?"

When it comes to me, I feel dizzy.
I can't control myself.
For that reason, neither good
Nor bad are working under my order.

Everybody receives your favors.
I am desperate.
Am I not alive?



153.

Verse 1484

Where are you, cupbearer?
Give me wine.
I am slave to your slave by heart.

Nobody mentions my name
Because they are ashamed.
But if it is possible,
Someone like me worries about name and fame.

Since you hit me
With the sword of your love, finish it,
Because I am half alive and half dead.

What is the matter with you?
My hand is empty. Give wine.
My glass is filled with the blood of my lungs.

Sometimes they call me devout, sometime rind.
I am so poor that I don't know which one I am.

My place is on fire
As long as a piece of existence
Remains with me like a candle.

There is no other way for me but to burn.
Come, so that I will burn nicely, because I am raw.



154.

Verse 1491

O moon-faced cupbearer,
Turn the glass of wine.
Save me from name and fame.

O cupbearer, I have been in your trap.
You set an ambush for me at every step.

Don't be lazy.
Come and find us.
Don't hesitate. Look.
The crowd has dispersed.

Isn't sobriety a source of every trouble?
When you are sad and grieved,
Every joy and pleasure become haram.

Really, fasting is a godsend.
Come, start fasting.
Fasting is the wine of soul.
Soul drinks fasting.

It is in the Hadis, [38]
The one who fasts sees God's moon as sunset.

This is not nice.
When I come through the door,
You climb the roof and run away from me.

You run away, and I follow you, yelling,
"O fast runner, stop for one moment."

Muslims, Muslims, I am burned to ashes.
Yet, this is a business for an immature man.
What is the remedy for that?

There is no remedy for that but to drink
This pure clean wine from the glass
Which has kept turning great men.

Words of the lover never cease, never finish,
But we will stop here now.

This poem is a nazire[39] to Mutenebbi's[40] poem.
It starts with this verse:
"This is such a heart
That even wine doesn't console it."



155.[41]

Verse 1503

I swear by the souls of all drunks
That I am drunk!
O deceitful beauty, hold my hand.

I swear by the souls of the ones
Who play with their soul
That I have turned into soul.
I swear by the souls of the ones
Who are saved by this grace that I am saved.

You are my God at Kaaba as well as at synagogue.
You are my aim at the top as well as the bottom.

I have made sixty fishing lines
Out of your curly hair
So that fish and Yunus[42] have become prey for me.

My eyes are full since I have seen your table.
I jumped out of this river when I drank your water.

I walked with the lame by limping.
I have covered my face
Because of the fear of evil eyes.

Whoever man worships, he deserves.
How happy for me that I worship Him.

Be cut off from the one
Who is going to abandon you.
Abstain from reproach and injustice.

When Ri[43] reached and merged with Sin and Mim,
Then Rustem[44] appeared.

When I understood fully
That community is God's compassion,
I became slave and servant
To community wholeheartedly.

I have kept silent so He can say
That I became prey for the hunter.
I am becoming prey for the lion.



156.

Verse 1514

You are asking me who I am, to whom I belong.
How do I know?
"Why are you so crazy and insane?"
How do I know?

You are asking me,
"How could you ascend to my love
While you are crying so much?"
How do I know?

I have fallen into the sea of Your love.
You are asking me where I am.
How do I know?

You are asking me, "How can you come
To the place where souls are sacrificed?
Aren't you afraid?"
How do I know?

You are asking me, "If you are
God's martyred, what do you have
That belongs to God?"
How do I know?

If you are the bird of sky,
What are you searching for anymore?
You are saying,
"How do I know?"

I used to have a straight road.
It disappeared because of that Hitay Turk,[45]
But how did it get lost?
How do I know?

You are such a pleasant trouble
That I don't know how I can separate
Trouble from happiness and soundness.
How do I know?

One evening, suddenly, Shems of Tebriz
Snatched duality from me for some reason.
How do I know?



157.

Verse 1523

Nevruz[46] came with joy in its heart.
Its favors are a remembrance of the grace of heaven.

Spring jumped out
And came from the window of sorrow.
It has glasses full of joy.

Water the garden of desire with his water.
Drink the glass of happiness from his river.

Weather is warmed up.
It is the right season to drink red wine
And walk and stroll.

There are variety of growths on the trees.
There are different meanings on the lights.

Don't lose the sound of harps in you ear.
Don't let the red-colored wine glass
Out of your hand.

Feed your soul with melodies
From two and three-stringed instruments.

You can hardly find any spring better than this.
Take advantage as long as you can.



158.

Verse 1531

If you are a lover, leave this grief, let go.
Watch the wedding, quit mourning.

You become sea and throw the ship to one side.
You become Universe and leave that universe.

Repent like Adam.
Go back to heaven.
Leave these sons of Adam.

Rise to the sky like Jesus, son of Mary.
Leave the donkey of the son of Mary.

If you cut your hand because of Joseph's beauty,
Embrace him, throw the salve away.

All these mixed up hairs wake you up.
Leave the dream of money.
Forget the idea of getting rich.

"I'll blow to him from my soul."
Face His breath,
Don't be bothered with more or less.

Free your heart from existence.
Give up expecting the things
Which have not been obtained.

O cub of the lion, act like a lion.
Leave these stray dogs.

Look at the greedy ones.
They all have the itch.
Their lungs are full of blood.
Forget that hope.
Stay away from incurable wounds.

You abandoned Abraham, Son of Edhem.[47]
That's why you are afflicted with greed,
Like fire pulling you away.

Be silent.
Quit talking like that.
Just say, "God knows best."

Since Shems of Tebriz rose like the sun,
Give up this small planet engulfed in darkness.



159.

Verse 1544

If you want me,
Raise the wine glass and give it to me.
If you are tired of me, I will go.
Leave me alone.

One glass is not enough for me.
You have my vintage wine.
Give me that.

Offer the wine.
If I don't drink, pour it on my head
And argue with me if I didn't ask right.

I am sweet like honey,
Yet you are telling me to be sour and sad.
How can you make kidney beans like runner beans?

Don't seal the jar with straw and mud.
Open and show the bottom of the heart of it,
So our heart will be cheered.

You are the one who makes me wail like a ney.
Tune me like a harp, bring melodies out of me.

But you are slapping like a tambourine
By saying, "You sound so nice.
Why don't you sing?"

I gave my face to you like a tambourine.
Keep slapping my head.

O ney, you are the friend of this lip day and night.
Please ask for one kiss for us.

You were fond of kisses,
Became contemptible and despicable.
You don't listen if I say, "be generous."

O reed, you became sugar
From the spell of those lips.
Come, O sugar cane, be grateful,
Because you reached those lips.

You have a nice voice, but you also
Have a voice like sugar. Sing with that one.

Be. silent.
Don't call the ney,
Because the ney will tell you
To make one into two.



160.

Verse 1458

An intimate friend came just now.
Be silent.
He knows your words even before you say them.
Say, "Be silent."

He makes you pass out of yourself
With the glass of wine which talks in silence.

Don't condemn his love's sultan.
He never hurts anyone.
Be silent.

If you don't mist up the mirror with your breath
He will save you from words.
Be silent.

Be silent. The one who turns the sky
Knows your turbulances.

He tells you all the thoughts, one by one,
That you have buried in your heart.
Be silent.

He makes birds out of every thought
And makes them fly in that world.
Be silent.

One of those thoughts is the raven.
Another is a falcon, another a crow.
None of them resembles the others.
Be silent.

If you don't see that Moon,
He rubs your eye.
You will be able to see.
Be silent.

Don't talk about this world or the other.
He will lead you to the world of color.
Be silent.



161.

Verse 1569

How would you be able to fly away from our hand?
Who can tear the web of might?

Since you won't be able to run away from us,
Quit resisting, bend your neck.

If you don't know how to run through inside,
Run like an unripened grape to sweetness.

O caught prey, you are biting the rope.
But this tie won't be broken by chewing.

Don't you see that we have our string
Around your neck?
You need a bow to pull it, to make it bend over.

I let you be free for pasturing a moment.
Why do you lash out with your feet?

Even the heart of the sea
Becomes rough from our fear.
It trembles from our majesty.

Even a stone mountain cannot escape
From our hand if it is wounded.

Sky will keep turning around earth
As long as it doesn't follow our order.

Desires and urges are like milk
Coming from the breast of the devil.
Yet, your mind is nursed by donkey's milk.

The lips of earth have been dried by our longing.
It won't last for even a drop of water without us.

Who will be able to tie our prey?
Who will be able to sell our slave?
How will the one whom we have selected
Be able to choose anybody besides us?

There is no salvation for the soul
But to fall in love.
It has to creep and crawl among lovers first.

Only lovers can escape these two worlds.
This was written in creation.

It is not wise for the lamb to leave
The problems of the shepherd
And run toward the wolf.

A shepherd doesn't hurt the lamb.
He wants to take care of it.

Make sure that the one
Who follows the desire of his flesh
Resembles Fil-Ashab;[48]
How could he reach to Kaaba?

Kaaba is the belly of the world.
The elephant is the nose.
It is impossible to smell
The musk in the belly with that nose.

Be the bird of Ebabil.
Fly away from elephants.
Heart is like Ebabil to pick up the fodder.

He would be the one
Who gathers enemies like fodder.
And he can receive the smell of Kaaba.

Only from the heart can you reach the sky.
The rose of glory can only be raised in the heart.

Only from the heart can a road be found
To the beauty who stole your heart.
Only with the heart
Can one escape the burden of the body.

Heart is cooking a pot of meal for you.
Be patient until it is cooked.

Shems of Tebriz is the heart of hearts,
But bats can't see the sun.



162.

Verse 1593

You cannot come this way with me.
You cannot be my follower.
How can cracked wheat
Do the same thing oil does?

However, since you started this journey with me,
Let's make a deal.
In any case, my eyes shine with your face.

Since I misled you, follow this way,
I won't leave you.
It is not manly to leave a friend
In the middle of the road.

I put my arms under yours,
Carry you like the elderly
Or put you on my shoulder like a child.

Repent for eating the grain, like Adam.
If you become a full moon,
All the harvest is yours.

Close your mouth,
The ear of understanding is closed.
Don't try to tell things
That cannot fit into words.



163.

Verse 1599

A voice came from
The star of Taurus to the soul.
"Rise to the heights," it said,
"Don't go down like the dregs."

Nobody would stay away that long
From old friends on the journey.

At last, you have heard the words,
Come back,[49] from the King of kings.

Only vultures live in this ruin.
O, poor friend,
How come you made this place your home?

One cannot rest and comfort his side or back
If he sleeps on a bed of thorns.

A merchant dealing with real money
Has nothing to do
With another dealing with counterfeit money.
That is like a falcon resembling a vulture.

Why are you painting on a fallen wall?
Where are the decorations at the bottom of hell?

Why don't you decorate your soul
With the wisdom worth hundreds of Chinas,
Hundreds of Manchurias?

Not the kind of wisdom based
On all kinds of heresay and gossip,
But wisdom
Which enables
The soul to see God.

If you become a pearl or jewel,
It doesn't matter
Whether they put on the crown or not.

Don't be like twisted feet on a twisted path.
Be straight like Elif, stay like that.

If meaning is like a horse,
Words are the saddle.
How long will you carry this horseless saddle?

For the love of a good man,
Keep carrying brick and stone.
Yes, you are a man, too,
But made of brick and stone.

If earth and stone marry
With another earth and stone,
The wedding present to the bride will be earth,
The marriage portion is stone.

Go to the cemetery
And look under the earth and stone.
You can't differentiate the head
From the feet of the one who was put down.

My God, You helped the soul reach souls
Through the family of Yasin the Prophet.[50]

Prayers are from us.
Acceptance is from you.
Add our prayers to theirs.

Please help us.
Ours is a small benevolence.
Your grace makes it bigger and acceptable.

Help us reach from lust to the world of mind.
Raise us from this muddy world to the heights.



164.

Verse 1618

O heart, go to my Beloved,
Go to that sun of the east.
Go to that bright light.

Don't go everywhere.
Go to the land of Absence,
Because every poor one finds a home
And country over there.

Put your head on his order like a pen,
Because every headless one raises his neck
Thanks to Him,

Because there is no other land of security
For the heart of the one who is scared
Besides the shadow of the sultan of beauties.

He is the one
Who gives gold capital to your hand.
He is the one
Who breaks iron chains from your feet.

If you can't get in through the door
Because of the crowd,
Try the window like a sparrow.

If you haven't wet your mustache with his milk,
Go away, O crook, go and fight with troubles.

How does oil melt in fire?
Your heart is also mixed with his water of beauty.

Jump into His fire because you are Abraham.
You are not Nimrod.
You don't have doubts.

Dive into His ocean so your body
Can gain armor like a fish.

Separate the grain of joy
From the sorrow of straw.
The harvest of that moon is all for us.

Spring comes, get out like that greeness.
Winter will become blind.
Get out in spite of cold winter.

Even if you are bent like a bow,
As long as you are His arrow,
You will fly from the secret place
And reach the realm of "Only two[51]
Months left, even less than that."

What a nice compass are you.
You appear standing still, but in fact,
In action you resemble salve.

Be silent.
Silence resembles beladur.[52]
If you don't drink the syrup of beladur,
You will stay an imbecile.



165.[53]

Verse 1634

O full Moon who enlightens the darkness,
You are more beautiful than the full moon.
The heart who has found and understood you
Never falls into sorrow.

O heart, since you will be pawned,
You may as well be pawned
At the bazaar of beauty.

O star which has disappeared in His shadow,
Go to the happy signs of the Zodiac
Or make these your home.

Bad luck won't come to you;
You are secured.
Poverty won't look for you;
You are a storehouse.

You annihilate yourself with His love, O body,
He has undeniable proof.

Nurse me until I am full.
Whomever you nurse will grow and cherish.

How could anyone survive
Without experiencing him?
Because the one who enters immortality
Is the one who gets His mercy.

166.

Verse 1641

Climb the roof.
Watch the new Moon now.
Go to the garden and pick up apples now.

Harvest such apples
That when they cut them from the land of Rum,
Their smell will spread to China, Manchuria.

Come on to the apple harvest.
Make those red apples like a bed.
Lie down and enjoy.

Whether I call him apple or wine,
Whether I name him narcissus
Or rose garden or August's rose,

It is all the same.
What else exists that he doesn't have?
God saves him. Amen.

Come, if you want to listen to fables.
Come sit in front of me like a candle.

I am afraid you will run out.
Go upstairs and take your shoes off.

Sit next to me.
Leave these caprices, forget those old habits.

Stay with me, O Sea of Mercy.
Stay so my pale face will become a rose color,

And I won't say your promises are all lies,
Your charms are all deceit.

For sure, you are beyond that,
But it is customary for lovers to talk nonsense.

How nice are Shems of Tebriz's habits.
How nice that greatness,
That dignity, that seriousness.



167.

Verse 1653

O head of the blind, why don't you believe?
I keep telling you not to excite the crazies.

You are asking me to show you
The ones that are in the invisible world.
What do brave-hearted men
Have to do with animals?

What is a boat,
What is a board in that sea?
Who is close?
Who is distant from that gift?

Absence is an ocean.
This universe is foam.
He is like Solomon.
These people are like ants.[54]

When the sea becomes rough and makes foam,
Iran and Turan are only two drops.

When ugly ones plunge into that sea,
They become beautiful.
Bitterness turns into sweetness in that foam.

O Shems of Tebriz, you won't fly
To come back to me,
Because all houris are burning with your love.



168.

Verse 1659

O one who asked advice about religion,
I'll give you advice that's good for the heart
And has all the rules.

Don't sit next to greedy, ambitious people.
The soul who hangs around with itchy souls
Will also get an itch.

When you are cured from soul's itchiness,
You will find the taste of vettini[55]
And become sweet like a fig.

O one who has lost his manhood,
If you become God's man
Brides will come out from the heart.

Fairies like the Moon, Venus,
The Sun and Pleiades appear
On the pupil of your eye.

Offer gold to beauties,
So much that the ugly ones
Won't deceive you.

Beauties don't want any but intelligent men,
Don't try to cheat them with a dowry.

If you sell a houri to one dry dung,
Those beauties will shame you.

Although the stone under the millstone
Carries much more weight,
It is not as valuable.

The most valuable stone among all
Is the one which has received
The most hits from the crowbar.

The most famous mountain among mountains
Is Mount Sinai that has been demolished
By God's manifestation.

Be patient, endure.
But how can we?
Who has any power left from love's hand?



169.

Verse 1671

Once more we have winnowed like the Moon.
Once more we walk, swaying,
To make our enemy jealous.

The sun has entered the sign of Aries again,
Made the world smile like a rose garden.

The flower opened its lips for flirting,
The iris became a tongue to tell tales.

The flower in the garden
Wore beautiful satin dresses
Because of that tailor
Who doesn't have either scissors or a needle.

Every tree put out a plate of helva
Which is made without oil and sugar.

We let our tears flow, then spring's drummer
Started beating its drum.

The breeze brought a sparkle on the face
Of the water which was like iron in wintertime.

Does the David of time and spring
Make that iron armor?

God is in the land of Absence.
O flowers, that cold season, that cold winter
Have left the place.

He has called you to come to the world of existence
And appear there like the birds of Abraham.

That wise stork came secretly
And made mute, lisp birds say their beads.

The ones who run away, hiding,
All have shown their heads from the window,
One by one.

The beauties whose ears and necks
Are adorned with earrings and necklaces
And dressed with green have appeared.

Now is the time for joy and music.
Thousands of houris have started dancing
On the grave of cold winter
By tapping the ground.

Come, O willow tree,
If you have bright eyes like the narcissus,
Keep shaking your head and ear.

I am saying to the words, "Leave me alone."
But they are stubborn, they are following me.

I don't want to say
That the words belong to lovers of his stern face.



170.[56]

Verse 1688

"Come, O Madyan Ashab,[57] whoever is sad,
Let him come and rejoice, cheer with us."
He yelled like that.

God said to the barren land,
Come and be adorned, get dressed.
The earth became green with lights.

The ones who have gone
Escaped and reached life again.
They are gathering
At the last day of judgment tomorrow.

They died with God's order.
God tested them sometimes,
But awarded them afterward.

The sun rose because of God's grace.
Proof of God's arts are open and obvious.

God says, "We dyed grass and flowers without paint.
We grew and developed them without nursing."

Isn't that heaven? Isn't that heaven?
Heaven. Come, O neighbor, make this your home.

We have directed and flown the souls above.
Right now, souls have met the Beloved
And have given up everything.

Be silent.
Talk with them in silence.
In fact, silence explains secret things better.



171.

Verse 1697

My hands swelled from playing the tambourine;
Why did you tighten your purse?
Open up, move your fingers.

Open the jar.
You are not stone.
Even the water of life springs from a rock.

What has happened to kindness and generosity?
Even a trace of you doesn't appear.

If you don't have gold,
Throw a piece of an old rug.
In fact, there is no remedy for you
Besides the old wound.

O one who keeps moving his beard, [58]
What has happened to your hand?
Why don't you say a few words,
Then move your beard.

I became hoarse from yelling.
Why don't the brothers hear?
I wonder if they have become deaf.

If water comes to this canal,
Why doesn't the millstone turn?
Why doesn't the mill work?

On the other hand,
If the millstone is turning, where is the flour?
What kind of guest is entertained
Without water and bread?

Don't feel bad,
I said this as a joke.
Your heart shouldn't be broken.

Don't hurt your throat.
Call him half seriously.
He will fill your mouth with pearl and coral.

Setting the table is God's custom.
Be silent.
There is no end to His generosity.



172.

Verse 1708

Come, O one who becomes a friend
And peer to the souls of drunks.
Come and see the thoughts of drunks
Watch their love.

Come, O Master of beauties,
Shine the face of drunks
With the light of your face.

Even if you don't come,
Stick your head out of the room
And watch the fight,
Listen to the uproar of the drunks.

O one who takes sleep away from drunks,
Come and untie the feet of drunks.

The song of drunks ascends to the sky
And the one in the sky,
All night until morning.

The ones in the sky say, "We are ruined
Because of him."
The sky says, "Alas to all drunks."

Angels are confused
Because of the decision of drunks for you.
So are people, giants and fairies.

This bazaar cannot be home for drunks.
They have stolen even the hats
Of all the sober ones here.

Don't delay until tomorrow the promise
You will give to the drunks.
You are the tomorrow
And the day after for drunks.

Drunks are making a circle around your eyes.
Who could dare to sit above them?

I saw the whirling sky. It was saying,
"I am only a drop in the sea of drunks."

I have been satiated from sweet soul.
He says, "I am only a morsel
In the halva of drunks."

I have heard from the mouth of love.
He says, "I am the beautiful Beloved of drunks."

The month of fasting has come.
If you say you won't be able
To find the glass of drunks
Which adds soul to souls,

Say that that wine is from soul's seas.
The cupbearer of drunks offers that to soul.

Everything is the slave and servant to mind.
But the strange thing is that mind also says,
"I am the slave and servant of drunks."

There was a firman[59] on his face
Which carried the seal of the sultan.
He added also the tugra[60] of drunks.

This gazel is written by the drunks
With the blood of their heart
Which is strained by the filter of drunks.



173.

Verse 1726

Separate counterfeit from gold.
If counterfeit says, "I am gold,"
Separate it even more quickly."

The stranger is an enemy
That resembles a torrent,
Sweeps him from the roof,
And throws him out the door.

Get rid of these flies with jealousy
From this sweet assembly, O brother.

Drive off the eyes of non-confidants
From that beauty, from that charm.

If the deaf can't hear the sound of the harp,
Open his ears if you can.

The drunks have bottles in their hands.
Throw the heart that resembles marble.

Lovers are the men of that road.
The man of lust is a donkey.
Get rid of him.

Lust is a featherless, wingless bird.
Remove that bird from the birds
Which have beautiful wings and feathers.

Don't consider anyone a man
Who is not a servant to Shems of Tebriz.
Kick him out.



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174.

Verse 1735

The Beloved's heart has burned for me.
That flame turned earth's harvest to ashes.

A candle put a fire in the heart of this slave.
It is such a candle that because of it,
The soul of iron and stone are melted like a candle.

Thousands of bright mornings appeared
In the middle of the night from that flame.

A voice is heard in the quarter of love,
Saying, "Something like a window
Opened in heart's house."

What a window that is!
A brand new sun rose there.
There is no shadow there,
Not even the shadow of a needle.

You know, His grace has grown a rose garden,
Nesrin,[61] August's rose, from fire.
You know that kind of light,
That sun was born from that light.

O bad-mannered friend,
Come back here from that side.
This is the place to take refuge.

Come to the land of Absence.
This land has eternal spring.
Everywhere else is cold winter.

Since Shemseddin of soul came from Tebriz,
That is good for us.
If you want to give your life, then do it.



175.

Verse 1745

If you are hidden here, stay here.
Remember, you did something one time.
Do the same thing.

Remember, you took me in your arms yesterday.
Come, O bale of sugar cane, hug me tightly.

Remember, you broke my door,
Ruined my roof yesterday.
Come inside the door and do the same today.

You entered this servant, slave's soul
And did something that penetrated to my soul.
Do that in front of my eyes,
And don't go away from in front of my eyes.

O Moon, how charming you were yesterday.
Quit your coyness and be more graceful today.



176.

Verse 1750

My heart has been split into hundreds
Of pieces because of sorrow.
Take it after you put those pieces together.

Either you find some cure to my heart,
Or take this helpless one's life today.

All night long last night I was saying,
"O my God, get my revenge
From that blood-thirsty tyrant.

Take my blood from the hard rock,
Like that stone-hearted one took my blood.

I wrote two, three things with the hand of heart.
At least, get one out of the hand of that vagrant.

There are signs of love in that writing.
Take it to give him a lesson.

O star of my heart, love's star;
I want to retaliate,
Give the punishment of that star.



177.

Verse 1757

Surely you have heard that the hakan[62]
Sent the royal decree, "The beauties
Should come out from behind the curtains."

Hakan said, "I ordered this year
That sugar would be very cheap."

What a beautiful year.
What a happy day.
What a nice hakan.
What a smiling fortune, kingdom.

It is haram[63] to stay at home;
Because hakan is going to the square.

Come to the square with us,
Then watch the open and secret assembly.

There are halvas, roasted game.
So many foods have been scattered,
So many blessed tables have been set.

Slaves, charming cupbearers are in the front
And beautiful melodies
Are coming from everywhere.

But the souls of drunks
Gave up the cupbearers and foods
Because of the sultan's love.

You wonder where this place is?
That is the place where thought is looking.





178.

Verse 1766

It is not worthy of you to become so cruel.
It is not for you to shed the blood of innocents.

I want to live just for you.
Otherwise, to die is very easy for me.

I have been tired of counting evening
Since I heard your name.

Is it deemed proper to fall in despair
Because of someone like you
Who has kindness and favors?

O my master, what would be better
Than to see your face and die at your temple?

My blood stayed in the fire like a candle.
My heart is exuberant,
But my face is pale, withered.

My teeth have been worn and decayed
By waiting and grinding my teeth
In the dungeon.

I have become tired of this house.
It is time to move my load
To the roof of the sky.



179.

Verse 1774

Come O cupbearer,
Serve another round of our wine.
Get rid of that bad luck.

If you want fate and destiny
Returned to the sky,
Drink that great world's cleanest wine.

What is the world?
What is the use of its dirt and dust?
He is the one who turns the world,
The sky and the seas also.

If I am not the confidant of the wine glass,
Don't count me.
Start turning the existent.

If these hearts walk
Awkwardly with drunkenness,
Turn the heart who has no hands, no feet.

Offer wine, because I can't fit in these places.
If you order something for me,
At least make it turn this earth.



180.

Verse 1781

We will come to the garden with friends.
We will rain on the garden and meadow
With the friends whose hearts are all the same.

We called and yelled, "Tomorrow is the day
To go to the garden and meadow."
We invite the lovers and ones who are deserved.

There are thousands, millions of beauties
And the one who worships
The beauties in that garden, that meadow.

They are all cheerful and smiling,
Clapping their hands.
They are all sultans of love.
They all have thrones and crowns.

There is a moon-faced beauty under every tree,
Charming, jasmine-cheek beauties.

One group is on foot like the green.
The other is a rider like branches of the rose.

Neither do you see the jealousy
Of the green toward the rose,
Nor the hangover of the one
Who became drunk with that wine.



181.

Verse 1788

Look at every bit of earth,
Everyone passing by.
It is obvious that everyone
Is coming from a journey.

Everyone puts his head
In front of the king,
Expecting his sustenance.

They all fall at the foot of the sun,
Begging to shine like stars.

They are all longing for the sea like a torrent
Running toward the sea upside-down.

A table of their kind is prepared
For each one of them with blessing
At the kitchen of the sultan.

The sea of this world
Is like worthless water
Compared with the sea
Which feeds all these souls.

Look at the eyes of Shems of Tebriz.
There is another sea there full of pearls.



182.[64]

Verse 1795

When they tie your jaw [65]
Before you attain your desire,
All the world's affairs become nothing.

When they split one branch right in the middle,
The other branch trembles with fear.

Who told you that this firmament
Which keeps turning like a fortune wheel
Bends your cyprus-looking stature double?

I don't see immortality,
The power to ascend to the sky
Before you go to the grave
Coming from you

You have sat and have stayed
In this temporary home.
You don't know it,
But while seated, you are passing by.

If your face turns in that direction
While you go on sitting,
This is also good.

So many boats turn their faces
To the river of compassion
In that whirlpool.

Put this trap of the universe under your feet
So I will caress you with my auspicious hands.

You have hair better than musk or ambergris.
Put the head to bold's head, O brother.

Since you have such beautiful hair,
Don't look for a hat.
Throw your hat to the sky.

How come this world can deceive
A smart person like you with a lousy trick?

Cold inundation tells cold jokes.
You haven't put a chain on that donkey's feet.

If time brings you proof
Between all that chit-chat,
You see different things.
Throw whatever you see in his face.

This ogre all life long
Pulls you to the desert.
Show proof to your own ogre,
Beat it up.

Why are you hesitating?
Why do you let yourself be defeated by him?
Answer back, because his talk is backwards.



183.

Verse 1810

Come down from the horse and see the load,
How your body is bent and crippled.
Watch that.

There are thorns in the soul
Of every rose garden which is grown in separation.

He has blocked all the roads of union.
For that reason lovers are wailing, crying,
Straining to hear.

Since you have seen the clue of his signs,
Follow that trace and reach the rose garden.

Because of His fire, flames are coming
From souls that stand row by row.
Listen to their begging and crying.

Strike the harp with the right tune.
Hear the heart-catching melodies of the strings.

Watch and see how good men bend their head
In front of that sultan's mircles.

When big mountains and oceans get in trouble,
They go and sit among the children at His school.
Look and see.

If someone doesn't admire that moon face,
Look and see.
His head keeps turning like the moon.

Look at the soul.
How can he hang on him?
How can he be put on a gallows
When he shines from the pulpit?

Although you see him at work,
If you compare him with the sultan's work,
He is nothing.

When my soul saw His specter at the end,
He said, "Look and see how I fell into the fire,
Am nourished by the fire with your separation."

He said, "I give lots of help,
But you should see
Through the eyes of the desperate ones."

If you are smart, you should look for the wheat
Not in the spike, but in the storehouse.

Your heart is the granary.
My favor is the essence of ears.
Get the point, watch the abundance.

When you see the master of masters, Shemseddin,
Go to the land of Absence and see the flowers.

O poor eye, see the land of Absence.
There, watch the lights inside of lights.



184.

Verse 1824

O my master,
Where is a Sahib-Kiran[66] like you?
Where is a place equal to your place?

Time needs you.
Time is your destitution.
You don't need either time or fortune.

If someone tells you, "I saw Shems."
Ask him, "Where is the road to the sky?"

Don't dive in the sea
Without the order from the sea.
Aren't you afraid?
Where is the one who takes you
In his arms and takes care of you?

But if you make a mistake by assuming
That he has kindness and favors
And you fall, don't be afraid.
Anyone who makes a mistake
And asks for his forgiveness won't suffer.

When the mirror prostrates to Him once,
The dust of the bow disappears on the surface.

He is the arrow. He is the shield.
What did I say?
Where is arrow. Where is bow?

Where is the eye
Which has reached the favor of His gaze
In the town of souls?

The only way man and djinn
Can save their heads from him
Is submission, poverty and modesty.

God has become his protector
Because of His jealousy.
Otherwise He has no fear of anyone.
Who could be his guard?

His love has branded the forehead of souls.
Who could be in His company
Without being branded by His love?

Look for as much as you can.
Where are the moon-faced beauties?
They have all been put in a line
To take turns for this service.

There is nothing but this saffron [67]
To make us smile.
Who is more cheerful than the one
Who has fallen in love with this face?

There is no grief or sorrow
To the soul and heart
But the separation of that master
Of masters of soul in this world.

The master of masters is Shemseddin,
Tell us, for God's sake,
Where is the mouth to praise him?

My words, my soul all want to reach him.
But where is the language to describe Tebriz?

Every jewel needs a buyer.
Where is the jewel
That doesn't care to have a buyer?



185.

Verse 1844

In this game, in this *hey-hey*
There is a moon-faced sultan
Who keeps turning among us.

Although he is hiding his face from people,
How could a beautiful face like that be hidden?

If that famous magician has covered your eyes,
Dive into to the river
Aand search for him in the water.

You are asking, "Where he is, where?"
He is also turning his head around,
As if to ask, "Where is he, where?"

A voice comes from the quarter of love,
"Forget asking where, where.
Come over here."

Go. Hold firmly to the skirt of Khan.
Why do you care about Bacu[68]
As long as He is there?

Go. Rent a house next to His mansion
So that you will be free from side pain.

You are trying to run away from trouble.
Your cure is right behind you.
What a beautiful kindness.
What a beautiful cure that is!

Leave bitterness and malice.
Come to us quickly as in the past.

The drunk finds joy with him,
The wine and fare are happy with him.
So is the dispostion.

Quit thinking and talking about him.
The one who talks less
Is the one who thinks best.



186.

Verse 1855

Pick up the glass of love
And go on your way.
But know that Beloved,
Then go on your way.

Become pure wine,
Purified from bits and pieces of shape.
Become beautiful, clear and pure like soul,
Then go on your way.

To see Him once is worth hundreds of souls.
Give your soul, buy him cheaply,
Then go on your way.

Since you have seen such a jasmine body,
Give silver, put your wallet on the ground,
Then go on your way.

If they say, "He is showing
Whether or not he is a hypocrite,"
Say, "Yes I would do it hundreds of times more."
Then go on your way.

If people cry, why do you care?
Look at that smiling moon,
Then go on your way.

Drink poison, but tell people
You ate sugar and honey,
Then go on your way.

Say, "All I want is that moon.
The rest of them would be yours.
I don't want possession and power."
Then go on your way.

Who is that Moon?
The sultan of sultans, Shems of Tebriz.
Enter his shadow,
Then go on your way.



187.

Verse 1864

You drink less than me. Walk straight.
Go straight on your way among the wobbly ones.

You haven't seen a jar like that, but I have.
Don't beat the drum for me, O my friend,
Go on your way.

I am tired of this world's bazaar.
If you are a merchant, go to the bazaar.

I put my turban right in front of my feet.
Lift your feet. You go with your hat and turban.

This is my work until I die.
If you have something to do,
Go to your work.

That rint[69] broke my repentance,
Yet, you are fasting.
Go your way at early dawn.

You hear the kindness and favor
Of Shems of Tebriz.
Confess before seeing him,
Go on your way.



188.

Verse 1871

How could I mention
The name of soul in front of you?
Is it possible?
How could I talk
About the rose garden at Your temple?
Is it possible?

While you are here, how can I
Describe the beauties of Beautifuls?
Is it right? Am I not going to be ashamed?

Not only this spring, but hundreds of them
Become embarrassed when they see you.
Is it time for me to tell Autumn's stories?

You are the sultan of sultans
Of hundreds of souls, hundreds of universes.
How dare I talk about soul and universe?

When words about You
Cannot fit in the mouth of soul,
How can I praise You with my tongue?
What kind of business is that?

When Your moon rises, the earth disappears.
Why should I talk about such a moon secretly?
Not a bit of it.

All the universe is made of ruby, real ruby.
Then I talk about the mine.
Is that right?

When hearts are filled by faith because of You,
How could I dare put doubt in this faith
And verbalize? Is it possible?

When Your sun-face reflects on earth,
Everything shines.
Then, me talking about Moon and stars,
How about that?

When Shems of Tebriz's favors exceed the limit,
How can I complain about it? Is it possible?



189.

Verse 1881

Ascend the sky from this banal world.
Your soul would be blessed.
Walk nicely now.

You jumped out from the city
Which is full of malaria and shivering.
Make home that land of happiness and joy.

If the painting of this body is destroyed,
Go to the painter.
If this flesh is decayed,
Be pure soul.

If this face is withered because of death,
Settle down
In the purple-colored tulip garden.

If they close the door of the house on you,
Come from the roof, be a ladder.

If you are separated from friends
And relatives and become alone,
Be Sahib-Kiran, acquainted with God's friendship.

If you are separated from water and bread,
Turn into bread, give power
Straight to hearts and souls.



190.

Verse 1888

He is the spring to the lover's autumn.
He is praise to the one who is on the journey.

He is the One who pulls all careless,
Lion-hearted braves, who never
Bend anyone, to Himself by force.

I see a string of lions.
He puts harnesses in their noses like camels.

He has made them all indigent,
Emaciated by fear and greed;
Those are His harnesses.

Isn't the earth the heaviest element of the four?
He even makes that agile and restless.

He has taken the peace of the earth
And made it so nervous,
It has becomes more active
Than water, wind or fire.

He chooses three elements for earth,
Catches gazelles in the sky.

He doesn't want them to stay lazy.
He has put them to work, one by one.

Don't be more idle than black dirt.
He has even put thorns under the tail of the earth.

He hits his staff on the head of the sea
And says, "Get up. Jump."
He raises dust from the bottom of the sea.

He also tells the staff to cease being a staff
And makes it curl and twist like a snake.

He raises steam from the galley of stomach
And makes life and the senses from that mist.

He creates another soul from the heat of heart,
Because he feels ashamed about the other one.

That sultan is so jealous that he acts
Like a sultan as well as a doorkeeper.

He feels so much love for a handful of soil
That he sometimes makes it a rose,
At other times, a tulip garden.

The Beloved gives him different attributes,
Covers him in different shapes.
In the end, He pulls him
Out of all of them by force.

His purpose is to make them
Understand their disloyalty
And assure the value of that selected friend.

He becomes such a strange friendship of the cave,
That in the end, he becomes the cave
As well as the beloved.

Close your mouth.
Open your eyes,
Because he opens the road of admonition.



191.

Verse 1907

O charm and brightness of the rose garden,
Come this way.
Bring a kantar[70] from that sugar.

If you want him to get rid of bad luck
And trouble from your soul,
Give him a kiss from your sweet lips.

Appear like moonlight from that window.
Bring a pomegranate flower
From that rose garden.

Wine and kebab will come this way.
Smoke should go to the other side.
The beloved will come to this side.
The tree with thorns should go to the other side.

Wine deserves a heart.
Tiredness and a hangover are for the body.
Don't load the troubles of the dog-headed body
On this side.

O Solomon, meet Belkis[71]
Because the hoopoe bird flew here.

It carries a letter full of lights on its back,
Shows hundreds of thousands
Of secrets from this side.

Don't drink alone.
It is not good to drink alone.
That cupbearer should also serve
One glass to this side.

The body is the one who eats and drinks
All by himself.
Soul keeps sharing, sending gifts to everyone.

Cupbearers of good people
Serve you wine from their God-given water [72]
Cup after cup.

Hold it with your two hands so it won't spill.
Put your mind into your head,
The glass is filled up to the rim.

O sultan, whose turban is so beautiful,
All the mantles are pawned because of you.
Come to this side.

Be naked.
Dive into the sea.
Learn the language of the sea.



192.

Verse 1920

I mention the name of soul in front of you?
No way.
I talk about the rose garden at your temple?
How silly!

While you are here, how can I try
To describe the beauty of beautiful ones?
I would be ashamed.

The sultan whose trace doesn't appear
Adorns the world.
How can I speak about forms and trace?
How would I dare?

The light of Absence covers everywhere.
How can I talk about place and space?
Isn't that a shame?

How can I say wrong words
In front of the store which is the source of joy?

How can I use wrong words from my heart
At the temple of the brave
Who know such secrets?

This world disappears under the sunlight like stars.
After that, do you expect me to tell stories
Of this world?
It is not likely.

The secret of He approached
With only two bow lengths left between," [73]
Has became apparent.
How can I start talking about an ordinary bow?
Is it right?

How can I talk about the soul who flew
Toward the beloved for every listless one?

How can I say the word
Which ils not understood by soul, by mouth.



193.

Verse 1930

He is the source of peace and joy
For the heart and soul.
He is the prime of the wine
In the invisible jar.

The mouth of the whole world is dry.
Everybody is thirsty.
He is the One who nourishes
Everyone and everything.

Even all nutrients
Look for nourishment from Him.
He is the One who gives water
From the clouds to the wheat.

Absence is like a dragon
For the one who wants to be tried.
He is the One who chokes the dragon
And blocks the road of desire.

We deserve hundreds of reprimands
And hundreds of tortures.
But He is the One who forgives us
From the punishment which we deserve.

Because of His softness and kindness
The world became insolent,
As if we are the sultan and He is the slave.

Every moment wine overflows from His hand
To the drunk of His love.

He pulls the ears of the sober with drunkenness.
What a glory!
What a continuous happiness that is!

He put the prophets in front of Him like curtains.
He talks, reveals behind those curtains.[74]

He is the One who greets His creatures
Before they greet Him.[75]

Days are His and so are the nights.
Wouldn't it be nice
If you stayed awake one night with His love?

Even if you fall asleep with somnolence
Still, He doesn't leave you in ignorance.

You have slept so many places
Since your childhood.
He kept pulling you from the bottom
To the roof.

You were dust.
He quickly pulled you out of there.
He gave you knowledge, name and fame.

He will show you new stages,
And in the end, with His favors,
He will make you one of His choice ones.

When you were little,
You used to play truant.
While you were dragging your feet,
How did He tame you?

You were running
Toward earth, plants and sperm.
He got you with a fishing hook.

He led you from a long journey,
Brought you to that level.
He didn't do that to get revenge.

When you fall into trouble,
You know He is the answer.
He gave being and existence
To a handful of soil.

When He sends His smell to noses,
All the fake *he's* appear like *ids* and *bids.*

When He talks to our ears,
All words turn into a bee's buzz.

When He shows us a pause without pause,
The sky becomes like a spider web.

The sun covers all the world.
How blind is the one who asks,
"Where is the sun?"

When man is in trouble,
He calls nobody but Him.

But when he is out of trouble,
He calls every *id*, *bid* and *he*
That he can name.

Torture is necessary
Because the human is ungrateful.
He doesn't acknowledge with kindness.

You might as well knife your robber.
As you know, he has stolen the glass.

He will get better
With the help of Shems of Tebriz,
He will fall in love.

Be silent.
Leave farsi to be said in Arabic.
"My life is the one that wanted to go,
Not theirs." [76]



194.

Verse 1958

I open my eyes to your charm.
My work turns into gold with your grace.

You are the sun.
I am like raw fruit.
I am maturing every moment with your grace.

O Moon, I am playing music like Venus
Day and night with your charm.

Every breath, hundreds of thousands
Of broken pieces and bits come to life.

Why is this whirling sky dressed in a blue dress?
It wears such a belt with your grace.

Why, every morning, is the face of dawn so red?
Because it is covered by the blood of heart
With your charms.

Star keeps looking for the grace of Moon.
He says, "I have found eyes and sight
Because of your charm."

So many lovers have been gathered
With your charm
That there is not even room for a needle's point.

It would not be a surprise
If thousands of exuberants
Were to fill the land of love with your charm.

If You hadn't drawn a curtain on the human's eye,
He would fly with your charm.

If you hadn't drawn a curtain on the human's eye,
He would be blown out with your grace.

If the whole world were not ignorant,
It would become upside-down with your charm.

O Shems of Tebriz, why do I keep turning
Around the roof and door?
Because of your charm.



195.

Verse 1971

O my friend,
Don't spread my secret like a fable you hear
Before saying,
"The assembly stands on security."[77]

You have heard before that religion is advice.
What is advice?[78] Getting out from between.

You have heard, "Separation is torture."[79]
To be separated from Him is a blazing fire.

"Don't be grieved by your losses," he said.[80]
Bait isn't worth the trouble of a trap.

God advised, "Peace is auspicious.
Stay out of controversy, forget the past."

Come. Really God is calling,
"Don't be a stranger, go toward the house."[81]

Leave greed.
"Poverty is my praise,"[82] it is said.
Why do you feel ashamed of it?

"I would be a guest to my God."[83]
This saying opened the road.
What would happen
If you have one less loaf of dry bread?

It is said, "God has manifested to the mountain."
You are not lower than the mountain.
Read this verse to yourself.
Don't think this is a story.

God is with you,
Even "Closer than yourself," he says.
Yet, you are submerged in that hair like a comb
And you don't even know it.

Even the comb comes to life
Because of that hair.
You read the verse,
"We would set your fingers,"[84] from the Koran.

O parrot of soul, be silent.
Fly to the nest in silence.



196.

Verse 1983

Celebrate! The month of fasting has come.
Pleasant journey to the one
Who is the company of the fasting.

I climbed the roof to see the Moon,
Because I really missed fasting
By heart and soul.

I lost my hat while looking at the Moon.
The Sultan of fasting made me drunk.

O Muslims, I have been drunk
Since that day I lost my mind.
What a beautiful fortune fasting has.
What a wonderful glory.

There is another secret moon
Besides this one.
He is hiding in the tent of fasting
Like a Turk.

Anyone who comes
To the harvest of fasting in this month
Finds the way to this Moon.

Whoever makes his face
Resemble pale satin
Wears the silk clothes of fasting.

Prayers will be accepted in this month.
Sighs of the one fasting pierce the sky.

The person who sits patiently
At the bottom of fasting's well
Owns the love of Egypt, like Joseph.

O the word which eats the Sahur[85] meal,
Be silent so that anyone
Who knows fasting will enjoy fasting.

Come, O Shems, the brave one
Of whom Tebriz is proud.
You are the commander of fasting's soldiers.



197.

Verse 1994

My God, give honey to the musicians.
Bestow them with love and let their hands
Become strong so they play well.

They devote their hands and feet to love.
Do a favor, give them good hands and feet.

They fill our ears with all the good news.
Please give them blessed eyes,
So they can see the Sultan.

They are cooing like pigeons with love.
Present happy nests to them with Your grace.

They make our ears happy with Your praises.
Tell them, "Bravo," make their life happy.

With their melodies, they freshen the heart.
Please give them fresh water
From the river in paradise.

I'll stop talking, O Lord of magnanimity.
There's no need to tell you
To do it this way or that way.



198.

Verse 2001

Come, put your heart
Over my trouble-filled heart.
Touch your cheeks to my pale, withered cheeks.

You are the sun.
The universe is warm because of You.
Heat also my cold sigh.

The love of all hearts is dice in your hand.
Throw these dice to the backgammon
Of my desire and fancy.

Show that miracle that makes
Every man and woman poor and humble
In front of my enemy.

I accept the conditions you stipulate,
But measure those conditions
According to my limit and strength.

In order to say *stand aside* to others,
Put the hat of your favor on my head.

Send the dust you raise from the sea
To surround me.
Cover me with that dust.

This drunken head
Can't get dizzy with every wine.
Bring and offer the one
To which I have become accustomed.

O my loquacious one, be silent.
Put the words
In front of the peerless, unique sultan.



199.

Verse 2010

Come O cupbearer, offer the glass.
Take my gold, give me gold-colored wine.

For the sake of the things
That you caused in my head,
Serve me first when you open the wine jar.

Don't give it to anyone
When you put the jar in the middle.
Serve me first, serve me after that.

Don't open the top.
Don't say what it is, where it's from.
Either sugar or poison, offer it to me.

Cafer-i Tayyar[86] is also drunk from that wine.
I also have lost my hands.
Serve me the way you serve Ca'fer.

Serve me also that wine
That smells better than musk and ambergris.

The glass of the wine of
His God will give water is too great.
Offer me secretly from the believer and unbeliever.



200.

Verse 2017

My friend, it is time for Sema.[87]
Jump, get up, time to work
And race with everyone.

You sleep a thousand times like a boat.
Open the sail, jump get up.

The heaviness in your head
Made you sleep a long time.
They've awakened you, get up now.

O flying thought, keep flying.
Jump out of this wondering form.

Come to your senses.
The sufi is the son of the moment.
Forget last year and next year.

Shame and honor are not
The things which go with love.
Quit being honored or shamed. Get up.

If Arif[88] the singer is acting lazy,
Give him your turban, your shirt, jump up.

Generosity is profit and advantage on God's order
And love weighs more than the steel yard.
Get up. Jump.

Get up. Jump like the waves of the sea
Roaring because of the love of someone
Who spread pearls at its feet.

If you are pulled down
Like the straight hair
Which is divided in the middle.
You jump like the beloved's curly hair.

A call came from the image of the beloved.
You also submerge into secrets
Like a shadow and jump.

You have been deceived
And chided for a long time.
Why don't you jump out
Of this mean, old world?

You get involved too much making rhymes.
Be silent! Jump without words this time.



201.

Verse 2030

It is late and sprinkling rain,
Time to go to your home, friends.

How long will you stay deprived
In these ruined nests, like ravens.

O lighthearted friends,
Hurry up, go to your homes
Out of the contrariness of the blind.

O wise and awakened one
Who is engulfed in grief,
Don't make our hearts uneasy.

How long will you keep falling
In love with a devil?
On top of that, you call
The devil a beautiful girl like a houri.

You have seen the grain,
But you haven't seen the harvest.
Ants who are going from one hole
To another are like that.

O my friend, don't say, "Why, what?"
Quit pasturing with animals,
Field to field.

In that house there is Sema, a wedding,
But only for clean ones.

Shems of Tebriz has built villages
For the naked ones.



202.

Verse 2039

O ones who take a wrong turn and go astray,
The Sultan of sultans is calling you back.

The Sultan of sultans says, "You belong to us."
O known messengers, come to our door.

It is wonderful to pray at the door of God
Who is eternally alive,
Possesses and controls everything.

Reach the robe[89] which has no beginning
To its beginning, grab God's skirt.

Climb out of the well like Joseph[90]
And stay with Egypt's saint.

O heart, it is already late.
Return to your home;
Because the Turk may come
To the tent, suddenly, at night.

That cupbearer has tied his belt now.
That heart's-desire beauty
Is drunk with love now.

In the end, iron goes to the magnet.
For sure straw runs to ambergris.

When sky became tired
Because of yells and cries,
It opened the doors of sky.

O my friend, come tonight
By prostrating like a shadow,
Because that moon has stepped on the pulpit.

Although he appears in that form,
He is pure from peers and example.

He came as a treasure of soul near the house.
I wove around him like a weaver.

Be silent, so I can say impertinent words to you,
But don't ask for the meaning from me.

It is better if the lion tells them all.
There is a difference
Between how the lion hunts and how the fox hunts.



This is the end
of the second third of

Hezec Musseddes-i Mahzuf

Notes

1. Bazlama: Pita bread.
2. Zikir: Repeating God's name with a certain rythym.
3. Vird: Repeated words from zikir.
4. Ebu-Bekr-i Rebolis: A rebab player. Mevlana mentions him in another part of the Divan.
5. Ferhad, Husrev, Shirin. Characters in a Persian folk story.
6. Helal: Religiously permissible.
7. Haram: Religiously not permissible.
8. Hasir: To gather.
9. Nesir: Distribute, scatter. Die and resurrect on the day of resurraction.
10. Sur: Trumpet at the day of judgement.
11. Tambour: Stringed instrument.
12. Kul-enzu (I trust in God): Starting with the first verse of Sure CXIII-CXIV. Kul-huvallah is Sure CXII.
13. Kaf, Nun: Kun-Be. Indicates God's order. Koran II-117; III-47; XIX-35; XXXVI-83: XL-68.
14. Akli Kul: Universal intelligence.
15. Kafir hair: Blasphemous hair. Kafir also means *to cover*. Since hair may cover the face, in literature it is called *Kafir hair*, and face is call *faith*.
16. Akl-i evvel: First cause, state of union with God.
17. Zemzem: Name of the sacred well at Mecca.
18. Kaarun: (Koran XVI-1,35.) He was buried with his treasure because he didn't give alms.
19. Hadji: One who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca.
20. Namaz: Muslim ritual worship.
21. Cenk: Harp.
22. ...How do I know?: This verse is in the Istanbul University version, not in the Konya version.
23. Tavaf: Ceremony of going round the Kaaba at pilgrimmage to Mecca.
24. Yed-i Beyza: The white hand of Moses.
25. Nimrod: An impious king who cast Abraham into the flames. The mosquito got through his ear to his brain, grew, and eventually killed him.
26. Rind: Jolly, unconventional, humorous dervish.
27. Huma: Legendary bird. When its shadow casts on someone, he becomes rich, kind, etc.
28. Zu'n Nun: Fish owner, Melameti Sufi (d.859) buried in Egypt next to Safi'i. Cuneyd: (d.909 or 911) in Baghdad. Beyazid: (d.874 or 875) Melameti Bistami.
29. Hallac: Famous Sufi who was martyred in 922.
30. Houris: Beautiful women in paradise.
31. Tanbur: A stringed instrument.
32. Pekmez: Boiled grape juice.
33. Akide: Sugar candy.

34. Agda: Simi-solid sweet made of sugar and honey.
35. Carotid artery: Koran L-16.
36. Helal: Religiously permissible.
37. Haram: Religiously non-permissible.
38. Hadis: Cami II, p.104.
39. Nazire: A poem written to resemble another poem in form and subject.
40. Mutenebbi: False prophet who is a famous Arab poet (d.965) His real name, Ebu-Tayyib Ahmed B. Hauseyin'il Cuffi Kindi.
41. This gazel and gazel 147 are probably the same gazel. They became two because of the ones who recorded them.
42. Yunus: Jonah, dolphin.
43. Ri, Sin, Mim: Letters in Arabic alphabet.
44. Rustem: A hero in Persian mythology.
45. Hitay Turk: Eastern Turkistan, famous for Turkish beauties.
46. Nevruz: The first day of spring. First day of the New Year according to Celali Calender and has many other significant meanings.
47. Edhem oglu ibrahim: d. 777-778. When he was King of Belk, he quit to become a Sufi.
48. Fil-Ashab: Koran, 5th sure. Sure of the elephant, the Governor of Yemen, Ebrehe, came to destroy Kaabe with his army which was composed of many elephants. The bird of Ebabil destroyed them with stones dropped on their heads from the sky.
49. Come back: Koran LXXXIX-27, 30.
50. Yasin the Prophet: Koran XXXVI.
51. Only two months...: Koran XVII-1.
52. Beladur: An herb. When it is boiled and you drink a small amount, it is a stimulant. A large amount causes delirium.
53. This gazel is in Arabic.
54. Like ants...: Koran XXVII - 17-19. Solomon and the ant: One ant told the other to go home so Solomon and his army wouldn't step on them. When Solomon asked the ant about this, it said, "I told them so that watching you and your army they wouldn't forget God's greatness."
55. Vettini: Koran XCV-1,3
56. This gazelle is in Arabic. Bediuz-zaman Firuzanfer recorded this gazelle in the continuation of the previous gazelle "Kulliyat-i Shems Divan-i Kebir; V.5, p. 3-4."
57. Madyan Ashab: (Masters) place of Sohili Shuaib. Possesor. Koran IX-89; VII-85; XI-89-95; XXIX-36. Prophet Shuaib is sent to the people of Madyan.
58 Beard: A sign of forgiveness. Comes from a story from the Mesnevi, Volume VI.

59. Firman: Royal decree.
60. Tugra: The sultan's monogram.
61. Nesrin: Special variety of rose.
62. Hakan: Sultan.
63. Haram: Religiously not permitted.
64. This gazel is in the style of the Mesnevi. Only the first verse is rhymed with "d."
65. ...Jaw: A Muslim custom is to tie the jaw to the head of the dead before burial.
66. Sahib-Kiran: An old astrological term. Two good stars come to the same sign indicating good luck. Any sultan who reigned at that time is called Sahib-Kiran.
67. Saffron: It is an old belief that saffron was used for laughter.
68. Bacu: Mongol commander who occupied most of Asia Minor during Mevlana's time.
69. Rint: Group of Sufi sect. Jolly, uncoventional and humorous.
70. Kantar: Weight measurement. Approximately 120 pounds.
71. Belkis: The queen of Sheba.
72. ...God-given water: The last verse of Koran XXXVI.
73. ...Left between: Koran LIII-1,5.
74. ...Curtains: Koran XLII-51.
75. ...Greet Him: Koran XXXVI-58.
76. ...Not theirs: The last line of this verse is from the famous Arabic poet, Ebut-Tayyib Ahmed B. Huseynil-cu'fiy'il Kindi (d.965).
77. ...Security: Hadis, Cami 1-86.
78. ...Advice: Hadis, Cami 1-86.
79. ...Torture: Hadis, Cami 1-121.
80. ...Losses: Koran III-153, LVII-23.
81. ...House: Koran X-25.
82. ...Praise: Hadis -Sefinetul Bihar.
83. ...God: Hadis-Cami: 1-97.
84. ...Fingers: Koran LXXX 1-5.
85. Sahur: Meal before dawn during Ramazan fast.
86. Cafer-i Tayyar: The son of Ebu-Talib, brother of Ali. He was martyred at the Mute war after his arms were cut off. The Prophet indicated, "I saw Cafer flying to heaven with two wings.
87. Sema: Listening music, whirling dance.
88. Arif: Could be the name of singer, (Guyende).
89. ...Robe: Koran III-103. God's robe. Symbolizes the Koran.
90. ...Joseph: Koran XII.

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Pick up the glass of love
And go on your way.
But know that Beloved,
Then go on your way.

Become pure wine,
Purified from bits and pieces of shape.
Become beautiful, clear and pure like soul,
Then go on your way.

Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi
Dîvân-i Kebîr Volume 18
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